

The Bowl Games—P. 2

OSCEOLA

South Carolina's Newsweekly

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Illustration by Ruth Johnson

Navy Watches for Subs—P. 6

Season Ends with Defeat for Clemson

By Herb Buhl

With the conclusion of eight bowl games and two professional championship games over the weekend, the 1977 football season has almost drawn to a close. Some wives understandably are planning to formally reintroduce themselves and their children to the man of the house. Much has already been written about each Bowl. The once prestigious Blue-Gray Bowl, featuring the top all-star seniors from the North and South was played in the rain at Montgomery, Ala., last Friday evening. The Bowl which did not receive television coverage this year, drew only 5,000 fans. The North won 20-14.

Rumor has it that the Pittsburgh Steelers, eliminated from the professional football playoffs, showed up at the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Fla., and played against Clemson. The Pittsburgh team (Steelers or Panthers) smashed the Tigers 34-3 before the record crowd of 72,289, composed largely of Tiger fans. And the Pittsburgh second unit was on the goal line ready to score again at the end of the game. Pittsburgh amassed 30 first downs, 387 yards passing and 566 yards in total offense - all Gator Bowl records. Clemson Coach Charlie Pell explained the loss on his television program Sunday, "We didn't know whether to play the pass or the run." Clemson had a very successful regular season but the embarrassing loss before a national television audience will be a little hard for the Tigers to forget. Will the real Pittsburgh Team please stand up?

The Atlantic Coast Conference teams were 2-2 in Bowl Games. North Carolina and Clemson lost while Maryland won and North Carolina State was a 24-14 winner over 14th ranked Iowa State in the Peach Bowl. Win, lose, or draw, the ACC will have a lot of Bowl money to divide among the seven league teams.

The importance of the dollar cannot be underestimated in the determination of the choice of teams invited to bowls. For example, Clemson's rabid fans filled Jacksonville, for the Gator Bowl. Clemson supporters bought all of their allotted tickets and half of Pittsburgh's allotment, in addition to thousands of tickets purchased directly from the Gator Bowl.

The 19th Annual Bluebonnet Bowl showcased Southern California against 17th ranked Texas A&M. USC outscored Texas A & M 47-28. The game, played in Houston, Texas, was a sellout with Texas A & M as the host. Southern California's regular season record of 7-4 was not exactly spectacular, but rest assured the fact that there are over Ten million television sets in Southern California was not missed by the Bluebonnet Bowl selection committee or the television network.

In women's basketball, Delta State, number two country, defeated previously in the unbeaten UCLA at the Madison Square Garden Women's Invitational Basketball Tournament. Monclair State (New Jersey) routed the Rutgers women as Carol Blazejowski scored 40 points.

Steve Cauthen, horse racing's first Six Million Dollar man, has been named **Sports Illustrated's** sportsman of the year. At the age of 17, he has accomplished more in one year than any jockey in history. Three times this year

he rode six winners on a nine race program. Four times he rode five winners in a day. In one week, he rode 23 winners. He is truly a phenomenon as he makes perfect rides look commonplace.

Other youngsters setting records include 8 year old, 70 pound, Wesley Paul of Columbia, Mo. Wesley entered the New York City Marathon this year and ran the 26-mile 385-yard course in three hours, 31 seconds. Needless to say,

it's a world record for his age group. Purdue University's 18-year-old freshman, Mark Herrmann, passed for 2,453 yards last season in leading the Boilermakers football team. Fourteen year old Tracy Austin is the U.S. Womens 18-And-Under Singles Champ and the youngest person ever to play at Wimbledon and the U.S. Open.

It is no secret that winning on the road has become almost impossible in the National Basketball Association the last few seasons. It now appears this trend has finally arrived in college basketball, as well. Rankings and All-American players were not enough to insure victory for several top-ranked teams in the early season. North Carolina, pre-season number one, took its show on the road and lost to William and Mary 78-75. Syracuse, ranked number five at the time, went to Dayton, Ohio and the Flyers handed them a 76-67 defeat. Dayton shot 75 percent in the

first half and Syracuse never recovered. Purdue, a pre-season number 14, traveled to Indiana State and was crushed by the Sycamores 91-63. Last year, San Francisco finished the regular season 29-1. This year, the pre-season number 11 pick, has lost twice already - once on the road. Utah, pre-season number 13, was trounced on the road, as was Wake Forest, number 15. A good Alabama team has been defeated on the road twice at Purdue and more recently at Indiana. Notre Dame, a pre-season number 2 pick, took its road show to Pauley Pavilion and beat, number 7, UCLA 69-66. The Irish however, went down to defeat at Indiana and again at Kentucky this past weekend. Even last year's NCAA Champion, Marquette took it on the nose at Louisville 61-60 last week. Of course, all of this may simply mean that the only pools to watch are the final rankings after the NCAA finals in March.

letters

Dear Editor:

I get the impression that OSCEOLA, THE STATE, and other publications believe that the tactics of government agencies in S.C. ended with the closing of the UFO Coffeehouse, The Great Speckled Birds and those other "left" operations; that the Freedom of Information Act has set everything straight. Wrong.

The I.R.S. is still using its Gestapo methods to harass and prevent dissenters to the status quo. I can't be positive about other government agencies, but I assume that if the entrenched political parties use I.R.S., they will use any of them.

Nine S.C. Libertarians got called on by I.R.S. agents within a short period of time after we publicly protested taxes actions. The Freedom of Information Act cannot force them to divulge what they do not wish to divulge because one has to identify the information requested and the name of the file in which it is contained at I.R.S. In other words, one has to find out what records are kept and where and then promise to pay I.R.S. whatever search charges are involved before I.R.S. will do anything. There is no way to get that information EXCEPT from I.R.S.

If citizens sit back and let a revenue collecting agency use its unlimited power and resources as an enforcement

arm of whatever political party happens to be in office, it won't be long before there will be no recourse for any citizen against Big Brother.

It is getting to be a "Badge of Honor" to defy I.R.S., but it is an effort in futility to think that a lowly, individual, peaceful citizen can win against them. I.R.S. agents seem to get a great deal of pleasure from using their police-backed raw power against productive citizens. I suppose it is jealousy. Non-productive, sterile, impotent people have nothing else in life except bitterness because of their own wasted lives. They are like the old men who send the young men off to their deaths in rice paddies while they build monuments to themselves.

Within the next two years taxes will jump from about 53% of what we earn to almost 60%. As far as I'm concerned, that means I'm to be 60% slave.

In Liberty

Serf Charles Blackwell
P.O. Box 732
York, S.C. 29745

P.S. (What is the current status of the two-year old Ma Bell rate increase that the P.S.C. turned down, then later was upheld by the court and then appealed. I'm still waiting for my refund plus interest).

Dear Sir:

Pursuant to the recent announcement by Ed Meadows that he was leaving your fine publication, I would like to express my opinion that he and New York City richly deserve each other. I will not miss his scabrous trash, his pseudo-Menckenesque maunderings, or his frequent misuse and misspelling of common words. If there ever was a quasi-intellectual, he has to be it.

I predict he will not stay long at Fortune Magazine.

Very sincerely yours,
Robert K. Moxon, M.D.

OSCEOLA

All opinions expressed in Osceola are those of the writer unless otherwise indicated.

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quid pro quo

Fact, Facade And Fantasy —

Main Street Revisited

By Ken Denberg

I hadn't been uptown in a while. I heard about the refurbishing project, and that's why I went. I wanted to see the transformation and epoch of New Columbia begin. After I patronized the P-nut man on the State House grounds I walked over to George's sword, deliberately looking down, holding out deliberately looking down, holding out for the surprise; I wanted to see it all at one time.

H.G. Wells would be proud, I think. Those four poles standing up there like his invaders from Mars, waiting and watching the streets.

Recently, a candidate for mayor said, "I want a hundred of them things all around the city." A head-shop owner said, "I like 'em, there's one standing right in front of my store. Helps get the space stuff moving to the soldiers." I said "they look kinda spooky," and he agreed.

I enjoyed my first view, looking north and seeing the poles standing one behind the other, bushes and trees, bricks and raised curbs, new traffic signals, and the biggest light-bulbs I'd ever seen. I felt like a kid. I also felt silly for becoming personal with a street and some light-bulbs.

The State had a page of two about it on opening day. I saw the color photos but I wasn't aroused. I'd ridden by it many times during reconstruction and at that time was willing to pull my truck far into the intersection risking a ticket for blocking it just to get a glimpse of the new architecture, yet I missed the festival with its dancing and media people wandering around documenting it for posterity, and the time capsule. (I'm not sure about the time-capsule, it was a few months ago.)

Some of my favorite things: I think I like the bricks best. Second to the bricks, I like the new parking meters. Two spaces to one meter. Whoever thought of that really used their noggin.

You have to hand it to City Planning.

The new facade is friendly, though, everybody will tell you that. When I worked at the newsstand there was a lot of craziness on Main Street, especially on weekends. Most of that has changed now. The yellow light which covers the buildings and walkways makes it look like another city, as if the Trailways dropped you off and you were seeing Columbia for the first time; the glass buildings hold the rays just right. One policeman told me "the crime on Main is almost non-existent, its the side-streets I'm worried about now, but that's going to happen anywhere."

I've lived in Columbia most of my life. My first recollection of Main Street is when my father and I were in his '56 Ford sedan and Presley's "You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog" was on WCOS. I was scared to get out of the car. Things looked ominous and big. It was winter. Twenty winters later, I walked past the cafe and headed for the cylindrical shaped object growing out of the side-walk only to find a phone booth, not a rectangle that starred in 2001.

But, you have to like something about a city to stay here all this time, passing up the trends and styles of larger cities, say New York or L.A., where films and artists appear and disappear in a week; the food, the nightclubs, the super highways, anything you want. However, none of that for me, thanks. I'd rather stay right here where nothing's changed, except Main Street, in two decades, where I can get in my car and ride to any part of town and know it's still going to be there. I can go almost anywhere in Columbia and know that I probably won't get lost, and that's real important to a hometown boy.

To end, I don't think I damned it or praised it. I just wanted to say something about it. It's awful hard being a middle-of-the-road-liberal in the new year. I know you Yankees are trying hard to figure that one out. You might have the World Trade Center, but we have New Main Street.



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the Crêperie

Hal and Leon Make Good Music

By Arthur Nord

Hal Ross and Leon Nelson are an unlikely partnership. Hal is from Spartanburg, studied violin for "6 or 7 years," lives in Columbia, prefers his beer with a side order of pinball machine, and talks eagerly about T.S. Eliot and the "later, cynical, interesting" writing of Mark Twain. Leon lived 20 years in Jonesville ("Somebody had to do it."), now has a home way, way out in the country relaxes with a Pepsi and the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and smiles contentedly after telling you about the "biggest one ever" oak tree he cut up for fire wood.

The differences in their backgrounds and current lifestyles no doubt contribute to the broad spectrum of American music they play in bars around South Carolina. Hal and Leon each play acoustic guitars and sing songs as diverse as Leadbelly's "Goodnight, Irene" and Dylan's "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry." At a recent show at the Second Level, after a series of particularly melancholy songs by the duo, Leon closed out the set with a hap-hap-happy "Singing in the Rain." Also included in their act are songs by such modern songwriters as Paul Simon, Jesse Winchester, Dan Fogleberg, and Michael Murphy.

Hal and Leon are not just two more locals strumming and singing folk

muzak in imitation of others' records. Fine guitar work and balanced harmonies set their imaginative interpretations apart from the usual mediocre fare of the barroom folk musician. "Will the Circle be Unbroken" is no longer a foot-stompin', hand-clappin' bluegrass jumper, but a prayerful plea. Dylan's "Joey," overworked and slick when performed by its composer, becomes a chilling tale of one man's life on the street. The sarcasm of "Geronimo's Cadillac" has to be heard. These two men just don't perform like everybody else.

But that's not all. In addition to being among the best interpreters of others' works to be heard in the Columbia area, Hal and Leon are first rate songwriters.

From Hal's "Mark Twain"—
You know we could leave here
And go down to the sea.
You could read me stories
Of ways to be free.
And I could read you rhymes
To take away the sting
Of rainy day mornings
And nights without dreams.

Sailing down the river,
I'm sailing down the river.
I believe in shadows
Underneath the willows.
I've been staring at the moon
So long.
I've been staring at the noon

So Long.

Leon's "Ridin' Shotgun" is the story of a job-seeker in the Old West who finds himself apprehensively taking a 12-gauge from his new boss, resigns himself to his new and dangerous position on the stagecoach and finally concludes, "I'm a hell of a man"—a fine song. His "Jonesville Blues" is a light-hearted and not altogether complimentary look at his hometown.

Fodor to Play At Clemson

Two favorites from season past return to the Clemson University concert series stage Jan. 12, with the appearance of the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra and violin soloist Eugene Fodor.

The orchestra will be conducted by its new music director, Leo Driehuys, who comes to the area from the Netherlands. The program will include the Haydn Symphony No. 85 ("La Reine"), Massenet's "Fourth Orchestral Suite," subtitled "Scenes Pittoresques," and portions of the "L'Arlesienne Suites" by Bizet.

It took the enthusiasm of my brother, Scott, to convince me to go hear Hal and Leon for the first time. Since then I've travelled to Spartanburg to hear them at a little place called "Mickey's" and listened to hours of tapes of their performances. In short, I've become a fan. Hear them at the "Second Level" on January 31st and watch yourself become one too.

Fodor, whose many appearances on the NBC "Tonight Show" along with his best-selling Victor records and energetic concert schedule make him one of the world's best known artist, will perform the "Concerto for Violin" by Alexander Glazunov, and the finale of Paganini's "Second Concerto."

The program will begin at 8 p.m. in Littlejohn Coliseum. Tickets will be on sale, \$3 for adults and \$1 for children, at gate 5. Tickets may also be purchased in advance from the department of music at the university.

poetry corner

Simpson Book Worth Reading

SEARCHING FOR THE OX by Louis Simpson, William Morrow and Company, 93 pages, \$2.50

"When we talk about Poetry, with a capital P," writes T.S. Eliot, "we are apt to think only of the more intense emotion or the more magical phrase: nevertheless there are a great many casements in poetry which are not magic, and which do not open on the foam of perilous seas, but are perfectly good windows for all that." In "Searching for the Ox" Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Louis Simpson presents such a good window: the view is not particularly vast in scope but there is, after all, much to consider in the back yard.

Simpson sees no reason to venture too far. In the title poem he explains: in meditation "that aims to teach the follower? 'to renounce what one is attached to'" he discovers instead that his "awareness/ of the world-the cry of a bird, /susurrus of tires, the wheezing/ of the man in the chair next to me-/has increased." The poem concludes:

There is only earth:
in winter laden with snow.
in summer covered with leaves.

The styles is deceptive in its apparent simplicity. Most of the poems are narrative and anecdotal. Only rarely does Simpson fail to avoid the danger of such an approach: delcination into journalism. The seeminly random line divisions often surprise and delight:

You could see the drawers hanging on
the line
on washdays. Lawrence as a Puritan.
Only an English Puritan
would have written Lady Chatterly's

Lover.

Simpson does not often confront his terrors, rather "skirting the forest where wolves are reported, and a she-bear." Nevertheless, from straightforwardly autobiographical recollections of youthful alienation and disillusionment to intense personal involvement with the perceptual present, these are good poems-witty, gently satirical, and thoroughly enjoyable. "Searching for the Ox" deserves to be read.—Arthur Nord.

Heart disease is the leading cause of death in:

Birmingham	Louisville	Cleveland
Anchorage	Los Angeles	Columbus
Phoenix	New Orleans	Oklahoma City
Little Rock	Augusta	Portland
San Francisco	Baltimore	Harrisburg
Chicago	Boston	Santurce
Denver	Southfield	Pawtucket
Hartford	Minneapolis	Watertown
Bismarck	Jackson	Nashville
Wilmington	Columbia	Austin
St Petersburg	Great Falls	Salt Lake City
Atlanta	Omaha	Rutland
Honolulu	Reno	Richmond
Boise	Concord	Washington, D. C.
Springfield	Union	Seattle
Indianapolis	Albuquerque	Charleston
Des Moines	New York	Milwaukee
Topeka	Chapel Hill	Cheyenne

"The Man Who Does Not Read
Is No Better Off Than
The Man Who Cannot"

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and

Hampton
Street

Newsstand

1220 Hampton Street

Show Offers Look at Newspapering

They said it couldn't be done. "Andros' Targets," "Kingston, Confidential," and, heaven help us, "The Adventures of Superman" seemed to show they were right. Even "All the President's Men," a fine film, put too much emphasis on the excitement of newspaper work and too little on the drudgery.

But "Lou Grant" has done it. The show presents a realistic picture of the rewards and frustrations of life in the "newspaper business." It is glamorized a bit, maybe, but overall the picture seems to be an accurate one.

The program, which is broadcast locally at 10 p.m. Tuesday on WNOK, stars Edward Asner. Asner, as everyone over the age of six knows, played Mary Richards' "gruff but kindly" boss on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." He continues playing the character on "Lou Grant." Grant left Minneapolis and is now the city editor of The Los Angeles Tribune.

Asner as Grant is the kind of editor journalism students think they will find in the real world. He is actively involved in making sure the news gets covered. He expects good work and lets the reporters know when he doesn't think he is getting it. He cares about his staff and including the newspaper's management.

Management, on the Tribune, is managing editor Charlie Hume, played by Mason Adams, and Margaret Pynchon, the publisher, who is played by Nancy Marchand.

Hume is a mild-mannered type who acts as a buffer between Grant and Pynchon. One suspects he is looking forward to retiring to a tenured job on the faculty of a journalism school.

Mrs. Pynchon is a delight. Modelled, apparently, after Katherine Graham of the Washington Post, she shows equal concern about her newspaper's quality and finances.

Recently, she was talking about how some wealthy women of her age spend their time raising money for symphonies and other worthy purposes. Others, like herself, "like to control newspapers and wield enormous power," she said. The fact that she added she was only joking doesn't blunt the impact of her dry wit.

Robert Walden plays Joe Rossi as a brassy young man. You know the type. He has probably already sent their name and address to the Pulitzer Prize committee.

Rossi's foil is Billie Newman who is played by Linda Kelsey. Billie was transferred from the women's page to the city desk in one of the first episodes of the show. She is bright, dedicated, caring and, of course, pretty.

The writers of the program have chauvinistically made Rossi the hard-driving news reporter while Billie is more of a (cringe) sob-sister who covers human interest stories. They can be forgiven. The situation at the Tribune reflects the situation at many newspapers, unfortunately.

The newspaper's only photographer, or at least the only one we see, is Animal. Played by Darryl Anderson, he has to be one of the sloppiest employees ever to hit a real or imaginary newsroom. The temptation is to say a character like

Animal would last about two minutes in the staid world of newspaper journalism. But on the other hand, real photographers tend to be pretty independent. It's possible that an editor might put up with a photographer of Animal's sartorial splendor if he were really hot with his Nikon.

The acting on the program is generally good. The performers seem to be type-cast but, let's face it, so are most regulars on television series.

There have been a few instances where the show's writers took a little bit too much dramatic license. In one case, Rossi was writing an investigative story about a mental hospital. To give his writing more realism, he had himself admitted to the hospital and neglected to tell anyone on the newspaper's staff what he was journalism, and "Lou Grant's" producers ought to know that.

The program is filled with interesting bits of life on a newspaper; the reporter who has trouble maintaining his distance from the people about whom he writes, Carla trying to explain to her boyfriend why she has to break a date to work on a story, a copy editor who wants to be a reporter and situations where the newspaper is taken advantage of by news sources.

Despite good acting, good writing and good production "Lou Grant" is in fifty-first place in recent Nielsen ratings.

This seems to indicate the public is more interested in reading newspapers than in watching realistic programs about the people who produce them.

—Nancy Higgins

Museum Series

Three musical evenings depicting the lives of Chopin, Debussy, and Stravinsky remain in the Piano Portraits Series being presented by pianist John Kenneth Adams.

Compositions from Chopin will be presented Jan. 12 while works from Debussy will be featured Feb. 9 and Stravinsky on March 9.

All performances are 8 p.m. Thursdays in the Trustee's Gallery of the Columbia Museum of Art. They are free and open to the public.

The series of seven presentations during the last year has shown brief but crucial periods in the lives of great composers of the keyboard.

By combining performances of great keyboard masterpieces with visual imagery from many sources, the composer is highlighted against the general social, artistic, and historical situation of his era.

Adams is an associate professor of piano with the University of South Carolina Department of Music.

CINEMA

Bush River Cinemas I, II, III & IV, Bush River Mall, 798-6092.

I "The Turning Point," with Shirley McLaine. Rated PG.

II "Oh, God!", with John Denver and George Burns. Rated PG.

III "The Spy Who Loved Me," Rated PG.

IV "The Gauntlet" with Clint Eastwood. Rated R.

Carolina Theatre, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011.

"Disco 9000" rated PG.

Columbia East Theatre, 7369 Garners Ferry Road, 776-0350.

I "The World's Greatest Lover," Rated PG.

II "Graveyard," rated PG.

Dutch Square Theatres, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110.

South "Saturday Night Fever," Rated R.

North "The World's Greatest Lover," Rated PG.

Fox Theatre, 1607 Main Street, 765-0665.

"Liz," rated X.

Gamecock Theatres, Parkland

Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022.

I "Star Wars," rated PG.

"Smokey and the Bandit," rated PG.

Jefferson Square Theatre,

Jefferson Square, Downtown,

765-9506.

"Close Encounters of the Third

Kind," rated PG.

Miracle Theatre, 1229 Main Street,

779-0826.

"Telefon" with Charles Bronson,

Rated PG.

Palmetto Theatre, 1417 Main

Street, 765-0282.

"The Choirboys," rated R.

Plaza III Theatre, 1323 Main

Street, 765-9358.

"Which Way Is Up?" Rated R.

Richland Mall Theatres, Richland

Mall, 782-2228.

I "The Gauntlet," rated R.

II "The Goodbye Girl," rated PG.

Spring Valley Theatres, Two

Notch Road at I-20, 788-8220.

I, II, III and IV. "Pete's Dragon,"

Rated G. "Semi-Tough," Rated R.

"Heroes," Rated PG. "Graveyard,"

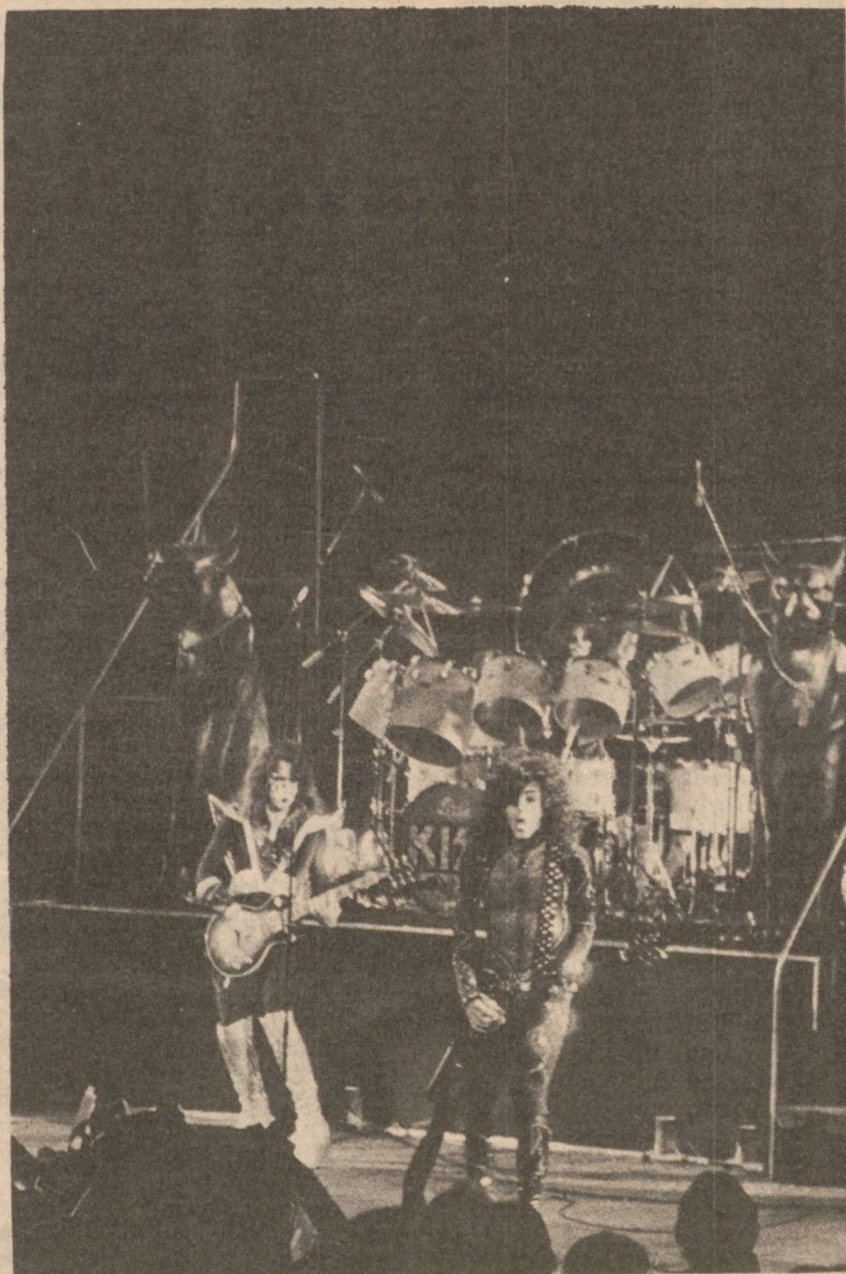
Rated PG.



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PARKLAND PLAZA

CAYCE



Kiss, the Kings of bubblegum rock, will perform tonight at Carolina Coliseum.

The Russians Are Coming?

Note: I live in South Carolina and normally I write about South Carolina. There is enough scandal and failure in this State for those of us who muck around -- write -- in this particular pign. But every now and then I am compelled to say something of a positive nature. When I feel these "good thoughts" coming on I lay quiet for an hour or so and very often the feeling passes. And so it was last May--when I was laid back and looking skyward--that I saw a very peculiar airplane. It was a large, propeller-driven airplane with military markings. It was a zig-zagging over the ocean in a most peculiar fashion. And I was curious. I was so curious that I called the Navy and asked then what this what this airplane was doing....and in due course they told me if I might take a ride on one of these airplanes. Three months and many telephone calls later they said I could.

Although these airplanes range off the South Carolina coast, they are based in Jacksonville, Florida. And so, one hot summer night, I hastened to Jacksonville and this airplane.

By Scott Graber

It is 7:30 and already it is hot. Already a haze hangs over the Jacksonville skyline. As lawyers and life insurance salesmen struggle in early morning traffic, Herb Foote is getting 100 clearance from the air station tower. As housewives pour their second cup of coffee, Foote pushes his four Allison T-56 turboprop engines to full power and climbs away from the heat and the haze and the predictable existence most of us live.

Lt. Herb Foote and the eleven men with him this Monday morning are in the business of finding submarines -- Soviet submarines. Foote has been in this business for the past five years, "working" the North Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Caribbean in search of the Soviet Ensign. In the course of those five years Herb Foote has become very good at what he does.

This Monday morning there are 14 Soviet Submarines operating in the Atlantic. Four of these submarines are ballistic missile subs--Soviet Submarines having 12 to 16 missiles pointed at pre-determined determined destinations in the United States. Herb Foote, and several dozen other pilots like Foote, are in the air this morning in an effort to keep the Navy current as to the whereabouts of these submarines.

The P-3C "Orion" is the airplane-the antisubmarine platform--that the Navy uses for this work. There are twelve P-3C squadrons located at intervals along our Atlantic coast. There are also squadrons in Iceland, Bermuda, Spain, Sicily and the Azores. Each squadron responsible for a section of ocean--an area of ocean so vast that it nearly defies description.

This morning I am with Herb Foote. After three months of telephone calls the Navy, apparently convinced I am not a spy, has agreed to let me fly a "mission" with VP-30. They have agreed to let me watch them look-let me watch them listen for the hum and the buzz of soviet machinery.

Finding a submarine is not an easy nor an inexpensive task. Each P-3, complete with equipment, costs in the vicinity to 15 million dollars. But the heart--or the guts--of this 15 million dollar system is an \$85.00 metal canister called a "sonobouy". This tube, the length of a baseball bat, is dropped into the sea where the Navy believes there might be some "action".

The sonobouy is basically a hydrophone and a radio transmitter. The hydrophone is lowered, from the bottom of the canister, to depths up to 1000 feet. It listens for sounds of a Soviet propeller, or machinery assembled in Minsk, or water passing along a submerged hull. When it hears anything (submarine or walrus) that sound is transmitted to the P-3.

Noise, needless to say, is the name of this particular game. The Soviet Navy spends alot of time and alot of money keeping their boats quiet. In spite of this effort, our \$85.00 sonobouy can hear an unbalanced rotor blade at 500 feet below the surface. A more expensive sonobouy--called a DIFAR--can actually transmit the distance and the direction of the submarine from the sonobouy. In the course of a mission Herb Foote can (and does) drop over 100 of these canisters.

"The ocean floor is covered with those things" says Foote.

The object of all this effort is to "sew" a field of sonobouys that will anticipate the submarine's movement. The whole process resembles a game--a very dramatic game involving a number of very good minds on both sides of the political spectrum.

Jim Gorman's wife is pregnant. In fact the baby is nearly a week late. Gorman is the TACO--Tactical Coordinator on this mission--and appears to be concentrating on the green screen in front of him despite the pending arrival of an heir. It's Jim Gorman's task to fit the many pieces of this puzzle into a comprehensible picture. And Gorman has help.

Two men, called sensors, sit in front of a large console. ("No pictures please.") These men are listening and trying to interpret the sounds coming from our sonobouys. These same sounds are also graphed by an on-board computer. While an individual sensor can only monitor, listen, to one sonobouy at a time, the computer can listen and illustrate the sounds of thirty-two hydrophones.

"Submarines give off what we call a harmonic... a signature," says Gorman. "We listen to that harmonic, the computer draws us a picture, and between us we can usually determine whats down there."

"We can, for example, tell if the propeller has five or six blades. This tells us where the boat was made... and whether the sub is friendly or not-so-friendly."

It is impossible not to be dazzled by the computer. It is impossible not to be impressed by this man, bathed in green light, playing three dimensional chess. This man and this machine represent, in many ways, the very best integration of American intelligence and American technology. It is easy to forget this is not a game. This is not international soccer.

It is two o'clock and we are located, I am told, some two hundred miles to the East of Vero Beach, Florida. I have left Jim Gorman and his incredible machines and I am back in the galley drinking a cup of not-so-remarkable coffee. Herb Foote comes back and we talk about this business.

"In many ways we are lucky," he begins. "Any Russian that comes into the Atlantic must cross two choke points. A Russian that comes down through the Baltic must go between the boat must pass through Gibraltar."

"Norway.. the Dutch and Britain all have the P-3 and they can track a sub in the Baltic. We have planes based in Sicily and at Rota (Spain) and in the

Azores if they use the Mediterranean route. This is really an advantage."

I ask Foote if the P-3 is the only device we have to detect subs in the Atlantic.

"I really can't answer that," Foote says. "Let's just say we have other sources... other ways of knowing."

"Do we know where all of these submarines are located on any given day?" I ask.

"The Navy knows where they are... most of the time we have someone on top of those subs. We really are the only service that comes into day-to-day contact with the Russians."

Herb Foote is crisp and he is competent. But he is not flamboyant or obviously proud of his ability. He seems to know that he is good, but there is none of the yahooism associated with the Rangers or the Marines. But you've got to think this thing through. And if you do you end up with the depth charges and the acoustical torpedoes. In the end you are talking about a marvelous system, with marvelous people, that sink submarines and bring life to an end. You are talking, in the final analysis, about a better kind of bayonet.

It's four o'clock and it's time to go home. Another plane arrives, locates and begins to monitor our sonobouys. Other information we have gathered is passed to our relief. Foote turns the P-3 to the West and we race for Florida.

Another day is winding down for this crew. Another day of listening to Soviet machinery is over. By 5:15 p. m. we are on our final approach into Jacksonville Naval Air Station. Those same lawyers and life insurance salesmen that struggled into town this morning are on their way home. Looking down I can see thousands of these folks slowly working their way back to the three bedroom, two bath-and-a-half homes that surround

Greater Jacksonville. These folks have no idea that Herbert Foote and his crew have spent their day listening to the gurgle of Godless Communism. Listening and waiting and watching and hoping that the torpedoes--firmly attached in the bomb bay--stay attached.

cheap shots

Having seen that the Risher-Russell conflict has been voted the top news story for '77, we have one request of the two women responsible for this honor. From this date forward, we would appreciate illustrations with each week's enthralling installment. Words are simply not enough to illustrate the fire and passion that must have predominated in this highly publicized, HIGHLY significant event.

What will Risher do next? How does Russell really feel? Who hired the Karate teacher? What caused such celebrated gentlewomen to behave so inappropriately?

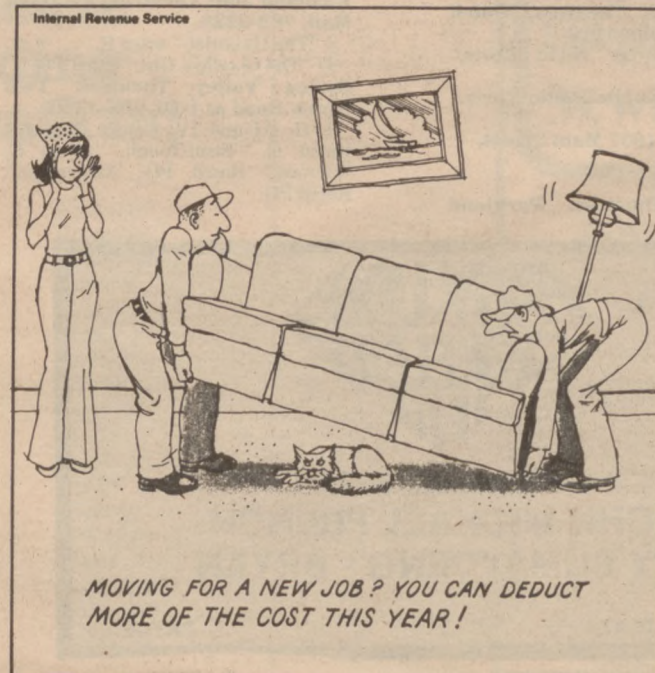
Let's all tune in for next week's exciting story, aptly titled, "Let's Make a Deal."

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Peace
Corps is
waiting
for you.**

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&
a warm welcome
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Legal Notices

Petition For Order Of
PETITION FOR ORDER OF
PUBLICATION
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
IN THE RICHLAND COUNTY
COURT

General Finance Corporation of
South Carolina,

Plaintiff,

vs.

Frank Gunter, Jr. and Christine
Gunter,

Defendants.

NOW COMES Edmund H.
Monteith, attorney for the
Plaintiff herein, who would
respectfully show unto this
Court:

1. That this is an action for
default of a Promissory Note
executed by the parties in
Richland County, South Caro-
lina.

2. That, although due and
diligent search has been made for
the Defendant, Frank Gunter,
Jr., the Plaintiff has been unable
to locate him in this County and
State, as will more particularly
appear from the affidavit of
James T. Cantey, a copy of which
is attached hereto.

3. That the Plaintiff is informed
and believes that it is necessary
that if obtain jurisdiction of the
Defendant, Frank Gunter, Jr., by
service of publication and it is its
wish that this Court issue its
Order allowing such service.

WHEREFORE, Petitioner
prays that this Court issues its
Order authorizing service of the
Summons, Notice of Filing of the
Complaint, and Order of
Publication herein.

MONTEITH, MONTEITH &
GOTTLEIB

Attorneys for Plaintiff
Edmund H. Monteith

Columbia, South Carolina
December 21, 1977

AFFIDAVIT OF NON-SERVICE
PERSONALLY appeared before
James T. Cantey, who, being duly
sworn, deposes and says that he
attempted to serve the Summons,
Complaint, Verification in the
above matter on the defendant,
Frank Gunter, Jr., that after due
and diligent search, he was
unable to locate said defendant in
said County and State, and,
therefore, was unable to serve
name.

James T. Cantey
SWORN TO before me this 22nd
day of November, 1977
Notary Public for South Carolina
My commission expires: May 11,
1982.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION
HAVING READ and filed the
Petition of Edmund H. Monteith,
attorney for the Plaintiff herein,
and it appearing that this is an
action for default of a Promiss-
ory Note executed in Richland

County, South Carolina; and
further that the Defendant,
Frank Gunter, Jr., cannot after
due diligence, be located in said
County and State.

IT IS ORDERED that service in
this matter be made on the
Defendant, Frank Gunter, Jr.,
by publishing copies of the
Summons, Notice of Filing of the
Complaint, and this Order, in a
paper of general circulation in
Richland County, South Caro-
lina, once weekly for three (3)
consecutive weeks and by
forwarding a copy of the
pleadings to the Defendant,
Frank Gunter, Jr., at his last
known address.

CLERK OF COURT
RICHLAND COUNTY,
SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia, South Carolina
December 22, 1977

NOTICE OF FILING
COMPLAINT

TO THE DEFENDANT, FRANK
GUNTER, JR.:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE
NOTICE that the original
Summons and Complaint in the
above entitled action was filed in
the Office of the Clerk of Court
for Richland County, the object
and prayer of which is to obtain a
money judgment for Nine
Hundred Sixty-Eight and 50/100
(\$968.50) Dollars, representing
the amount in default under a
certain Promissory Note
incorporated therein, reasonable
attorney fees therefor, and other
relief as set forth in the
Complaint.

MONTEITH, MONTEITH &
GOTTLEIB

Attorneys for Plaintiff
Edmund H. Monteith

Columbia, South Carolina
December 21, 1977

COMPLAINT

Plaintiff would respectfully
show unto this Court:

1. That the Plaintiff is a
corporation organized and
existing under and by virtue of
the laws of the State of South
Carolina, with its principal place
of business in Richland County.

2. That on information and
belief the Defendants are
residents and citizens of
Richland County, State of South
Carolina.

3. That on or about November
14, 1973, as shown by a certain
promissory note, a copy of which
is attached hereto and incorporat-
ed herein as though set forth
verbatim, the Defendants
promised to pay unto the
Plaintiff the sum of One
Thousand Three Hundred
Ninety-two and no/100
(\$1,392.00) Dollars in twenty-
four (24) monthly installments of
Fifty-eight and no/100 (\$58.00)
Dollars, beginning December 14,
1973.

4. That according to said note,
default in paying any installment
may, at the option of the
Plaintiff, without notice or
demand, render the entire sum
remaining unpaid to be at once
due and payable; and that if suit is
filed on the said note, the
Defendants shall pay actual and
reasonable attorney's fees as
determined by the Court.

5. That the Defendants have
defaulted in the payment of the
installments on said note and
that said default has rendered the
entire unpaid sum of Nine
Hundred Sixty-eight and 50/100
(\$968.50) Dollars due and
payable.

6. That on demand by the
Plaintiff to pay the aforemen-
tioned unpaid sum, the Defen-
dants have filed to pay the same.

7. That the Plaintiff is informed
and believes it is entitled to an
Order of this Court granting
judgment against the Defendants
in the amount of Nine Hundred
Sixty-eight and 50/100 (\$968.50)
Dollars, plus costs of collection
and actual and reasonable
attorney's fees therefor.

WHEREFORE, the Plaintiff
prays judgment of the Defen-
dants the amount of Nine
Hundred Sixty-eight and 50/100
(\$968.50) Dollars, plus all costs
of collection and actual and
reasonable attorney's fees
therefor, and for such other and
further relief as this Court deems
just and proper.

MONTEITH, MONTEITH &
GOTTLEIB

Attorneys for Plaintiff
Edmund H. Monteith

Columbia, South Carolina
November , 1977

1/13/78

SUMMONS
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF LEXINGTON
IN THE FAMILY COURT
Lucille Betty Salisbury Phillips,
Petitioner,

-vs-

Lee Roy Salisbury,

Respondent.

TO: THE RESPONDENT,
ABOVE NAMED: LEE ROY
SALISBURY:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMON-
ED and required to answer the
Petition in the above entitled
action, a copy of which is hereby
served upon you, and to serve
your answer to the said Petition
upon the subscribers at their
offices, 1338 Pickens Street,
Columbia, South Carolina,
within twenty (20) days after the
service hereof; and if you fail to
answer the Petition within the
time aforesaid, the petitioner in
this action will apply to the Court
for the relief demanded in the
said Petition.

Robert C. Ashley
KNEECE, KNEECE &
FREEMAN

Attorney for the Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina

19th day of December, 1977.

Charles R. Shealy
Lexington County
Clerk of Family Court

1 /6

SUMMONS

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
IN THE FAMILY COURT
COUNTY OF LEXINGTON

Lucille Betty Salisbury Phillips,
Petitioner

-vs-

Lee Roy Salisbury,

Respondent.

TO: THE RESPONDENT,
ABOVE NAMED: LEE ROY
SALISBURY:

TAKE NOTICE that the
Summons in the above entitled
action of which the foregoing is a
copy, together with the Petition
herein was filed in the Office of
the Clerk of Court, Family Court
- Eleventh Judicial Circuit on the
20th day of December, 1977, the
object and prayer of which is to
obtain an annulment.

Robert C. Ashley
Attorney for the Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina

19th day of December, 1977.

1 /6

PETITION
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
IN THE FAMILY COURT
COUNTY OF LEXINGTON
Lucille Betty Salisbury Phillips,
Petitioner,

-vs-

Lee Roy Salisbury,

Respondent.

Now comes the Petitioner,
Lucille Betty Salisbury Phillips,
by and through her attorney,
Robert C. Ashley, Esquire, and
for her Petition against the
Respondent, Lee Roy Salisbury
alleges:

1. That the Petitioner is a
resident and citizen of the County
of Lexington, State of South
Carolina.

2. That the Petitioner has no
knowledge of the whereabouts of
the Respondent, but is informed
and believes that the Respondent
last resided in the county of
Richland, State of South
Carolina.

3. That the Petitioner and
Respondent were married on
August 7, 1967 in the County of
Kershaw, State of South
Carolina.

4. That at the time of the
marriage to the Petitioner the
Respondent was legally married
to one Gladys Gaye Williams;
date of the marriage being
December 20, 1963 in the State of
West Virginia.

5. That about six (6) months
after the Petitioner's marriage to
the Respondent, the Respondent
who was serving in the United
States Armed Services, was sent
to Vietnam. Further, that shortly
thereafter the United States
Army notified the Petitioner that
the Respondent had a previous
marriage still in existence,
making the marriage of the
Petitioner and Respondent null
and void and that her base
privileges was therefore
terminated.

6. That on November 22, 1971,
the Petitioner was married to
Walter Phillips, in Dentsville,
South Carolina, believing that
her previous marriage to the

Respondent was null and void,
and out of this said marriage to
Walter Phillips, two (2) children
have been born, to-wit:
Jacqueline Phillips, age two and
one-half (2 1/2) years and
Amanda Phillips, age seven (7)
months.

7. That the Petitioner
reasonably believes that she is
entitled to have her marriage to
the Respondent annulled and
that her marriage to the said
Walter Phillips be declared valid
for the reason that her marriage
to the Respondent was null and
void because of his pre-existing
marriage contract.

WHEREFORE, Petitioner
prays that this Court enter
judgment to annul Petitioner's
marriage to the Respondent and
to declare her subsequent
marriage to the said Walter
Phillips valid, and for such other
further relief as the Court may
deem just and proper.

Robert C. Ashley
Attorney for the Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina

19th day of December, 1977

1/6

NOTICE

Is hereby given pursuant to
South Carolina Code Ann. §33-9-
130 that certificate number 2
representing Nine Hundred (900)
shares of stock in Carolina
Electrical Company of Columbia,
S.C., Inc., owned by the
undersigned has either been lost
or destroyed; that application
will be made to said Corporation
for a duplicate certificate on
January 15, 1978; and two (2)
years from date of issuance of the
duplicate certificate, the original
certificate shall be null and void.

Donald T. Burris
c/o Betts & Enlow
Attorneys at Law
2221 Devine Street, Suite

303
Columbia, SC 29205

1/13

MAIL-IN FORM FOR CLASSIFIED ADS DEADLINE - TUES. 4 P.M.

SEND PAYMENT

& AD TO.....

OSCEOLA
P.O. BOX 5033
COLA. S.C. 29250

NO. OF
WORDS

NO. OF
ISSUES

PAYMENT
SENT \$

PAYMENT MUST BE SENT WITH AD, NO EXCEPTIONS

Sample Word Count

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Wanted S.C. Tobacco Leafs J.J. Doe 100 Main St.

RATE CHART

MINIMUM \$1.75 ON ANY AD

Number of Issues	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
Up to 20 words	1.75	3.05	4.43	5.62	6.93	8.21
21 - 25 words	2.20	3.82	5.54	7.02	8.69	10.26
26 - 30 words	2.64	4.59	6.65	8.42	10.40	12.37
31 - 35 words	3.07	5.35	7.72	9.82	12.11	14.36
36 - 40 words	3.51	6.10	8.86	11.23	13.86	16.42
41 - 45 words	3.95	6.88	9.96	12.64	15.62	18.47
46 - 50 words	4.39	7.65	11.07	14.04	17.82	20.57
51 - 55 words	4.82	8.59	12.15	15.44	19.04	22.57
56 - 60 words	5.27	9.16	13.26	16.85	20.79	24.62
61 - 65 words	5.71	9.94	14.39	18.25	22.55	26.73
66 - 70 words	6.15	10.69	15.50	19.66	24.30	28.78
71 - 75 words	6.58	11.45	16.58	21.06	25.97	

**My doctor
pronounced
me cured
of cancer.**

**My boss
didn't.**

My boss didn't under-
stand that I was healthy
again.

So I was let go.

A lot of people are like
my boss. They think that
everyone dies of cancer. I
thought so, too. Until the
American Cancer Society,
through one of its service
and rehabilitation programs,
helped me return to a
normal life.

The ACS also has local
Units that help Americans
who've never had cancer
understand it better.

Today, more and more,
cancer is a curable disease.
Ignorance about cancer is
curable, too.

American Cancer Society

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